THE DAYSPRING.

"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."

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DARE TO DO RIGHT.

"DARE to do right, dare to be true," is my favorite hymn in Sunday school. Boys, do not mind a sneer. The other Sunday, a lady overheard one lad say to another in passing, "Do you go to *Sunday* school?" as if that were a place fit only for women and children. That young fellow may rue to his dying day, and beyond his dying day, that he never went or ever left off going to Sunday school. Think of what you go to study there, — the will of the Supreme Being whose you are, and whom you are bound to serve. Can you ever grow too old to learn to do his will? At the age of sixteen or eighteen, have you fathomed mysteries and solved problems which perplex the wise and absorb the saintly to the end of life? Even that sneerer would object to be considered a coward in a worldly sense. But he is an arrant coward, who, for the fear of being laughed at, is deterred from doing what is right. We are proud enough of our young heroes, who in the late war by an early martyrdom snatched an immortal crown. But my heart goes out to the braves of peace; no carpet knights, but who, perhaps unknown and unconsidered, have the moral courage to resist temptation, the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, the pride of life, the fraudulent sale, the unworthy advantage, and all the various snares that perpetually and peculiarly assail the young. No fear that a *moral* hero will not be physically brave; no fear that the feeble and the helpless will ever call in vain for his right arm, for even his life, to succor or save. These moral heroes are what we want in Church and State to preserve our national integrity, to prevent our material prosperity from being a snare, to save us from the decrepitude and, finally, from the destruction, which have overtaken the most cultured and powerful nations. Boys, my ardent wish for you is that you may, one and all, be moral heroes.

SKATING.

YOUR heads, as well as your heels, are agog for skating. So is master Edward in the picture. A gentleman remarked in looking at him, that boys wore mittens in putting on skates. Not if they dislike gloves and mittens as much as I do. A bare hand gives you better purchase, as they say in the country.

It may be that the day Ned chose for skating was a mild one. If so, I hope he was cautious about the ice, for there are fatal accidents from boys being foolhardy about the strength of the ice. I know of two accidents that would have been fatal, but for the presence of mind and caution of companions, who carefully felt their way in offering a rescuing pole.

So I beg of you in engaging in this delightful exercise to mingle caution with courage.

Edward is not beginning too young to learn to skate. I tried when I was grown up, and you would have laughed to see what a figure, or rather what a *feat*, I made of it. Timid, as fearful of losing my balance as if I had been horse-back, with old-fashioned skates fastened to the fur boots my dear grandmother found comfortable on the ground, but which stubbed my toes without supporting my ankles, you may imagine how charmingly I was equipped for skating.

I did not learn to skate! but, as I never fail to tell, I learned to do what was said to be more wonderful, I learned to *walk* swiftly on my skates over the ice.

"JESUS bids us shine
With a pure, clear light,
Like a little candle,
Burning in the night.
In the world is darkness,
So we must shine, —
You in your corner,
And I in mine."

For The Dayspring.

WHAT THE CLOCK SAW, AND TOLD.

IT was Saturday night, and good Mrs. Bruce had given her little ones a fine bath, and each fresh rosy child was fast asleep; the curly heads and dimpled hands resting peacefully after a long day of work and fun.

Though their home was but a small brown cottage, hidden among the hills of New Hampshire, and their parents were forced to labor hard to fill so many little mouths, yet no palace could boast of a lovelier group. "It's the good Scotch blood in their veins," said their proud father when neighbors praised his little flock.

But on this night Mrs. Bruce sat like one in a dream, gazing at the fire, while an open letter lay in her lap, which a friend had brought from the office. The small cups and mugs were still on the table, and the little worn caps and bonnets were lying about, but the tidy mother forgot to prepare for the morrow. Her tired, patient hands were still. In the corner stood the old-fashioned clock, nearly six feet high, which had ticked with a loud, clear tone ever since Mr. Bruce brought home his bride a dozen years before. It had never run down, nor lost time, and was so associated with every event in that humble home, that each member regarded it as a trusty friend. Just as it struck seven, Mrs. Bruce started at the sound of her husband's step. He came in in a cheerful hurry, as it was a cool night late in September, and he was glad to see the pleasant fire-light. As he caught sight of the unusual confusion in the room he exclaimed, "What's the matter, Jessie, have the Brownies taken possession of my house?" Mrs. Bruce hastened to prepare his frugal supper, but first gave him the letter which for once had driven him from her mind. She was not surprised at the long whistle which followed the reading of it.

It came from a lady in New York, who had been spending the summer at a farm-house near them. She was rich and childless, and had written begging to be allowed to adopt one of the sweet little children, who had attracted her notice, and won her heart. She would gratefully receive either child they would spare, and would come herself to receive the treasure if granted her.

"I'm not at all surprised, Jessie, that the rich lady wishes for one of our little ones. To think of her living in a great palace of a house, with neither chick nor child to make it gay!"

"She told me one day," answered his wife, "that she'd give half her fortune if one of them were only her own."

"'T'would be a grand thing, Jessie, for one of them to leave all toil and hardship behind, and begin life with every advantage."

"Why, Sandy, you don't mean to say you're giving it a thought," said the mother, with a frightened look in her eyes.

"I don't want to spare one, wife. I'm ready to work for them to the last; but perhaps it's selfish to refuse to let one, at least, have such a chance at a fine education."

At the word selfish, Mrs. Bruce's face fell. Was it really selfish to tie them all down to a life of toil like her own, when such a chance offered? She felt bewildered and unhappy. They sat discussing the matter until a late hour, and then, as if to gain light on the subject, went in to take a look at the little sleepers. At sight of them the mother's tears began to flow. She forgot all the trouble they had cost her, their mischievous pranks, the numberless stitches she had taken to keep them decently clad; and remembered only how precious they were o her heart.

At last it was decided that no answer should be sent for several days, and the parents tried to forget their perplexity in sleep. The two younger children, little Dot and the baby, slept in their room, and Mrs. Bruce, like all mothers, kept one eye open as it were, to note if they threw off the coverlet, or breathed uneasily. Rousing suddenly, she touched her husband's arm, and whispered: "Sandy, if any child goes, it had better not be Duncan, for you know he's hard to manage, and they might send him away to school, and no one would be so patient with him as you are."

"You're right, Jessie, we'll not send him; and then, too, I never could get along without the little fellow, he's such a companion on the farm."

They had not slept long, when Sandy awaked, and the first thought that filled his mind was this new plan concerning the children, and he could not forbear speaking to Jessie.

"Dear wife," said he, "don't you think we ought to send little Rob? He's the only delicate one since the fever, and perhaps a change would make him strong again."

Now, Rob was the mother's darling, her "summer child," who came after a hard, cold winter to give her a new song to sing. He was the delight of the whole household, with his tiny little figure, and old-fashioned, wise ways. They called him the "Judge," he was always so sober; and the children named him "Hop o' my thumb," he was so very small for his years.

No! she would not agree to part with him. Perhaps Jennie should go; she was so pretty it was a shame to shut her up all her life in that quiet nook among the mountains.

But the father feared her little head would be turned by flattery, and the day would come, when she would be ashamed to remember that her real parents were hard-working people. At one moment they thought of sparing the baby; at another little Dot with her halo of golden hair. But when morning came they were as undecided as ever. It was Sunday, and Sandy said the day must be undisturbed by worries or cares, and they agreed not to speak of the letter until the morrow. As they sat around the table at their simple morning meal, the parents gazed upon the unconscious little ones with new and strange feelings.

When the church bell rang, Mr. Bruce took the two elder children with him to the morning service, while Jessie remained at home with the baby. Robbie and Dot were allowed to play quietly in the farm-yard, not far from the house. The little boy was so obedient and so clever, he was often trusted with the younger ones, for he never ran away nor led them into mischief.

But on this morning when Mrs. Bruce returned, she was alarmed at finding Dot alone playing near the barn, and no sign of her little guardian, Robbie. Great was the excitement when they had searched for him in every direction without success. They looked with dread into the well, and down by the brook, but there was no trace of him. Every one felt afraid he had been stolen, but no one dared put the suspicion into words. One of the neighbors, who had been called in to help, suggested that perhaps he had tried to walk as far as his uncle's, who lived half a mile off, and had fallen asleep by the way. This was a happy thought, though his mother could not believe he would have broken the rule, that he was never to go beyond sight of the house. However, he might have been tempted to go to see his uncle's great dog, who was a favorite with all the children; and at all events they could bring Carlo back to hunt in the woods for the little wanderer.

With hope in his heart, the father started off, leaving Jessie, more encouraged, to give

the others their dinner, for it was now late. She could eat nothing while in suspense, but tried to comfort the little brothers and sisters, who hardly understood the danger.

Wondering how long it would be before she could hear, she looked up at the face of the dear old family clock. She felt as if the world must be coming to an end! The clock had stopped! Never had such a thing happened before. It was as strange and solemn as Robbie's disappearance.

The children all started up, and Jennie exclaimed, "Perhaps the pendulum has broken." Duncan ran and opened the door of the clock to see for himself. What a shout followed! There, crowded in the narrow space, was darling little Robbie, fast asleep, with his soft fair curls falling on his shoulders, and his sweet little face showing the traces of tears. The noise waked him, and opening his beautiful blue eyes, he exclaimed in affright, "Oh! don't send me away!"

The children looked on in amazement, thinking he had lost his mind; but in a flash it was explained to his mother. In some way he had found out that they were thinking of sending him to New York, and had hidden himself in what he felt was a place of security.

Duncan was sent to tell the neighbors, who had shown much kindness in searching for the lost child, and before long the anxious father was relieved of suspense. Robbie felt quite a hero, as he sat on his mother's knee, caressed by every one, and questioned over and over, as to why he had hidden away in the old clock-case. At last it came out that he had been lying awake on Saturday evening when his parents were reading the letter by the fire, and had understood that one of them might be sent away. Instead of speaking, he thought it all over in his quiet, old-fashioned way, and on Sunday became so unhappy at the idea of losing his home, that he decided to run off. But remembering that that was forbidden, he stole in unobserved by his mother, who was busy in the kitchen, and opened the little door which had often attracted his attention, and there in the darkness and dullness fell asleep, too young to understand the anxiety his absence would cause.

When the older children heard of the lady's kind offer to adopt one of them, there was general lamentation. Not one wished to go, and by a thousand caresses they besought their parents to refuse. Indeed, the experience of the morning was sufficient to convince all, that the little flock were too happy and united to bear the separation without great sorrow. And so the answer was sent, though they were grieved to disappoint one so generously disposed towards the family.

Ever after this Mrs. Bruce declared the clock knew all that was passing around it, and had stopped on that especial day to show them where Robbie was hiding.

Mr. Bruce always smiled, and said he thought Robbie's curly head touched the pendulum, and that sent the clock to sleep as well as himself.

HELEN COUDARE.

HOW TO OBEY.

Do it at once. Never wait to be told a second time.

Do just what you are told to do. Do not try to have your own way, even in part.

Do it cheerfully. Do not go about it in a surly, cross, peevish way. Don't fret and grumble, and talk back. Only cheerful obedience can be pleasing to God and man.

FORGIVENESS — the odor flowers give back when trampled upon.

For The Dayspring.

ONCE ON A TIME.

ONCE on a time! O words with pleasure teeming,
As on the ear in childhood's hour they fall;
Each little face with deepest interest beaming,
Breathless and silent, as the words enthrall!

Stories of childhood! Deep is the impression
Ye make upon the young susceptive mind:
Each scene, each oft-repeated quaint expression
On memory's tablet written and enshrined.

But not alone in childhood does the story
Inform the mind, and move the loving heart,—
Sage, and philosopher, and prophet hoary,
Have sway'd its magic powers with wondrous art.

And he the loving one, the meek and lowly,
Who wisdom drew from bird and tree and flower,
Conveyed his truths sublime, his lessons holy,
In simple parables, but full of power.

And still, though years have rolled, and ceaseless labor
Has stamped with progress each successive age,
We answer him who asks, "Who is my neighbor?"
With a loved story from the sacred page:

The weary prodigal, to home returning,
Still tells us of our Heavenly Father's love;
Each talent rightly used, approval earning,
Still shows a just and loving God above.

In our own lives, each treasured recollection
Becomes idealized by lapse of years;
And many a poem, glowing with affection,
Was born in woe and cradled in our tears.

Then let us make each life a thing of beauty,
Of noble deeds, of thoughts and prayers sublime;
That others, striving in the path of duty,
May speak of it with "Once upon a Time!"

W. N. EVANS.

MONTREAL.

GIRLS, be modest, brave, true.
Boys, be modest, brave, true.

IT is useless to talk about beginning to do better to-morrow; either begin to-day, or say nothing about it.

SHORT SENTENCES FOR YOUNG THINKERS.

THAT pilgrim is base who speaks ill of his staff.

When the barn is full, you may thresh before the door.

As is the garden, such is the gardener.

Secrets are seldom long-lived.

Do well, and doubt no man; do ill, and doubt all men.

Beggars fear no rebellion.

The truest jests sound worst in guilty ears.

Prayer should be the key of the day, and the lock of the night.

When you have no observers, be afraid of yourself.

WHERE ARE THE FROGS?

"OH, Alice! you would have ten fits if you were here now. Our three frogs were put into a glass jar while the aquarium was being repaired, and they have all jumped out, and have secrete themselves so thoroughly that we cannot find them anywhere. They were in the Library, and we have turned every chair, sofa, and cricket upside down, taken the coal out of the grate, had the register examined, and even looked on the top of the book-case! where they are is a mystery. How those baby frogs could have jumped out of the jar is a great mystery, and how they could have jumped off the table, too, is a wonder. I feel as though they must be crawling under my dress, bah! I wish the aquarium was in the Red Sea."

If any of the readers of the "Dayspring" keep an aquarium, and know any thing of the habits of baby frogs, they may be able to throw some light on this mystery; and by a good guess jump as far as they did, and so relieve the anxiety of the lady who has staying company, without knowing where they are, or what they are about.

SNOW KING.

MY dears, if you do not like *this* picture I shall be greatly disappointed, for it seems to me full of spirit and fun. To be sure, you may call it tantalizing, as we have had no snow yet, and your mouths are watering for snow; but there's "a good time coming, boys," — and girls, depend upon it, when you, too, can model a snow king.

Like the Man in the Moon, this one is all head and no body. But what a comical eye and nose! — why! his nose seems to smile as well as his eye! And what a generous mouth, into which Malcom is sticking a holly-branch! Little Maude looks very comfortable with her warm, flowing hair and snug muff. But Duncan is beside himself to have dropped his cap. If he does not put it on soon, woe betide him! for he will have such a cold that he cannot have more than a nodding acquaintance with the snow king from the window. Don't be so full of the play, my little man, as to stand any longer in the cold with your head uncovered!

This is an English picture; and I ought to have known it, without being told, from the sprig of holly and the top of the handle of the shovel.

SLOW AND SURE.

IT is curious to see how the people that hurry the most get on the slowest: perhaps you have never noticed that.

Just watch a silk-worm, or any comfortable fat caterpillar, calmly eating a leaf a great deal bigger than itself. If it took large pieces and bolted them whole, it would choke, and there would be an end of the caterpillar, instead of the leaf; but, as it is, the "slow and sure" way answers to perfection. Try it the next chance you have: bread and butter are not bad to begin upon; cake takes longer, as a rule. Selected.

WHAT DO YOU READ?

I HAVE a right to ask this question, because I read so ill when I was a child. I gormandized stories; I cared for little else. Curled in the corner of the sofa, buried in my darling book, I neither saw nor heard what was passing around me. I was selfish, too, in wanting the first reading of a book. I was so absorbed in the interest of the story, so took the part of the actors in it, that I could not wait to read it in an orderly way, but often turned to see how it ended before I could go on with the narrative. A story made me disobliging; for I could not tear myself from it for any of the kind deeds that even a child can do. Take a lesson from me, and do not confine your reading to stories; but take the advice of some older friend, who will recommend books of noble adventure, or of bright biography.

MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

ALWAYS make the best of what happens to you. A little self-control and right feeling will help you to do this. To fret and scold over accidents and disappointments is wrong, and sure to make any one miserable. The example of a child, a little Christian lady, as told in the following incident, is well worth laying to heart. She was three years old. To amuse a home-sick cousin she brought out her choicest playthings. Among these was a tiny trunk, with bands of gilt paper for straps, — a very pretty toy, — but Freddy bent the lid too far back and broke it off. He did not mean to do this, and when he saw what he had done, he was frightened and began to cry. Then dear little Minnie, with her own eyes full of tears, said: —

"Never mind, Freddy; just see what a cunning little cradle the top will make."

Now, wasn't that sweet and thoughtful?

A WORTHY EXAMPLE.

"HE was a good child, a good boy, a better man; but he was better because he was continually growing in grace, not because he was suddenly startled into greater earnestness.

"He was always learning, because he never seemed to think the young *could be* as wise as the old, and he was ready to sit at their feet.

"His heart was set upon doing the work God had for him, rather than that for which he had a fancy.

"He did not think it beneath him to be a steward, — he was too real a gentleman for that: as a Maori said one day, '*Gentleman, gentleman*, thinks nothing that ought to be done at all too mean for him. *Pig* gentleman never works."

COSEY CORNER.

I'VE always thought, my dears, that, if I were to go to Europe, I would not write home about temples, churches, arches, palaces, or any of the grand objects which are in the guide-books, and that everybody who goes to Europe has a surfeit of. But that I would hunt up the quaint corners and odd places, that are only seen when one has a keen sense of the ludicrous. Just as an aunt of mine, as some one said, would see more that was amusing in going to Boston in a horse-car, than another would in going to Europe.

So, in telling you of the Christmas doings in our Sunday school, I will not dwell on our Tree, or the grand singing of the children Christmas Sunday, — for you've heard enough about Trees, and, perhaps, saw one; but I will tell you the funny little incidents.

The children seemed to think that the floor of our handsome Parish Hall had been waxed for their benefit; so they slid, till several had fallen, and one carried screaming from the hall. To prevent further accidents, the piano was played, and they marched, till we started the game of "Grand Mufti." This was old-fashioned enough to be a surprise. We did not attempt forfeits, as some were too small to redeem them. But there was plenty of sport in the mistakes made by mimicking the Grand Mufti when he said, "*Thus*, says the Grand Mufti;" the rule being only to do it when he says, "*So*, says the Grand Mufti." Finally, two Grand Muftis were put on the floor; and, as they happened to be great rogues, what do you suppose they did? Turned somersaults! Of course, the other boys followed suit, but the grown people and the girls declined.

At the simple but excellent repast, served in the Lower Hall, was a platter of cookys, in the shape of pigs, hens, and cockerels, so crisp as to make those who ate them very lively; and, in a minute, the boys crowed so loud that you would have imagined yourself in a well-stocked barn-yard.

Later in the evening, as one little fellow hurried across the hall, some of the cookys fell from his stuffed pocket.

I've heard of grown people, who had the bad manners to take oranges and pound-cake home, coming to grief, by these falling from their handkerchiefs as they were bidding their hosts good-by.

I would advise you to content yourselves with what you can comfortably eat at the feast.

MIGHT I give counsel to any young hearer, I would say to him, try to frequent the company of your betters. In books and life is the most wholesome society; learn to admire rightly: the great pleasure of life is that. Note what the great men admired, — they admired great things; narrow spirits admire basely, and worship meanly. — *Thackeray.*

SNOW KING.

LUCY'S FUR FRIENDS.

CHAPTER II. — RUNNING AWAY.

CATLAND barn was so full of hay, — hay at the right, hay at the left, hay over head, hay under paw, — that I slept with one eye open because of the coachman's pipe, which he sometimes smoked in the barn in spite of Dr. Clive's forbidding it. Sparks from our backs were the only sparks I cared to see.

Sometimes Caprille and I crept stealthily into the cow-yard or pig-pen, but seldom ventured in the stalls where patiently stood the horse-chestnut-eyed cows and the glossy carriage horses, — the latter so alike in shape and color that only the coachman knew them apart: and the fun of it was, the one which pricked up his ears on the road was not the one easily frightened, though Dr. Clive persisted he was.

In the part of the barn where we slept the coachman had the impudence to dump the carpenter's bench, the mowing-machine, grindstone, Dr. Clive's old Noah of a sulky, broken tables and chairs, rusty pans, rubbish of all sorts, — to say nothing of turnips, carrots, and cabbages. Only our good cat-fairy saved us from suffocating, or running nails in our handsome velvet paws.

The carriage-room held coach, sleigh, wagon, harness. The painting-room was not used in our day. Before we were born, young Mr. Clive, father to Lucy and Mount, used to spend much of his time there; for he said the noise of the brutes was not half so bad as the mopping and slopping and brushing and dusting, that his mother kept up from morning till night. So he smoked, sang, read, and painted there, through his short and rather idle life. When he died, and no one cared to look at his treasures, mischievous village boys broke in, and played foot-ball with some of them.

Now Caprille was inquisitive, and, in the course of her mousing around, she one day managed to squeeze her way into the deserted painting-room, where I heard her cry, in an excited tone, "Run, Tab, run, and see these queer people!"

"Lazy tykes!" said I, "do they lean against the wall all the year round? He looks as fierce as a Turk, and the woman no better than a goose! It makes my neck ache to see her head hanging on one side."

"How silly! they are not real. Only canvas, half an inch thick. The man's arm's split, and the light piercing through."

"What are they for? What are they here for?"

"Just like you, Tab, to ask that. Here to amuse *us*, and that's all about it."

When Caprille and Chinchilla took their after-dinner cat-naps, I asked my mother, who happened to be mild, what these canvassers were.

"Likenesses of Dr. Clive and his wife, for young Mr. Clive to look at when they went to Egypt. You remember that dirty pool left by the mortar-men who built the Pansy-bank wall, and how frightened you were when you saw the shadow of your face in it? Now human beings can do one thing we can't, — they paint their shadows on canvas."

I was sorry as soon as I asked if young Mr. Clive could not wait to see his parents when they came home; for my father, Mr. Black Cat, *never* came home. But Mrs. Whisker knows how to change the subject. So she cried out: "Hear those rats, impudent fellows, snoring so loud last night that little Chin did not get a wink of sleep! But my double dose of catnip is taking effect now, and she'll wake as merry as a cricket."

It surprised me to hear that the barn was not built for us; that Dr. Clive disliked us as much as the rats, woodchucks, weasels,

skunks, which also made their head-quarters where they were not wanted. The doctor's former coachman had been a soldier; and, as washing vehicles, rubbing down horses, and driving the doctor about, did not take up all his time, he — shot cats! But Mrs. Dinah and Mrs. Whisker were wise enough to keep out of his way. He excused his barbarity by saying that the cats destroyed the eggs and the chickens. But my mother told me that he was too much of a wiseacre to see in the dark, when the bushy-tailed skunks gobbled the chickens, and the greedy weasels sucked the eggs, faster than a cat could wink or mew.

"How could Dr. Clive keep such a wretch?"

"Because the fewer the cats the merrier the doctor. He has lost the use of his legs, going so many years in his sulky; and, as he must get exercise some way, and is tired of driving a horse himself, he must needs have a skilful coachman; and, if the horses are well groomed and well driven, the coachman can amuse himself as he pleases the rest of the time. Cats may be shot, but the doctor must have his airing!"

"Why not take an airing in the air?"

"What are you thinking of? The doctor has no wings."

"Nor have spiders. But they manage to fly, lying on their backs, and doubling up their legs."

Then I wish you had heard the barn creatures laugh, — laugh at poor me, the scapegoat of the barn! It seemed as if they would never stop. But not a muscle showed I felt their rudeness, though it cut me to the quick.

"Tab, my dear, you've out-Tabbed Tab," cried Caprille; "imagine that fat, fat man, flying like a spider!"

"Why not? Birds are heavier than the air, and they fly far and wide; some rest, too, a long while on the air. To be sure, *we* can't catch them unless they alight on a tree. Dr. Clive is so much heavier than the birds that he ought to fly farther and faster."

"There you show your ignorance of natural history. I'm not much of a bird-fancier," said Mrs. Whisker; "but I have heard, I think, that a bird's body is full of air. I doubt about Dr. Clive's. But a word to you, Caprille: ignorance is not a crime; *sneering* is. See that you set a better example to these rude creatures for the future. When Tab croaks, I blame her; but if you make the barn disagreeable to your sister by laughing at her, she may run away."

Run away! Where could I go? How soon? Mrs. Whisker had spoken wisely, if in jest.

DICK'S DINNER.

BY MARY C. ROWSELL.

DEAR little Dickie, come, hop down here,
From your perch on that tree so brown and bare;
All your pretty companions with summer are flown,
And poor little Robin is left alone.

The cold, cold snow falls fast and thick
On your feathery coat, my poor little Dick!
But God made the coat, and it's warmer, may be,
Than we may quite think in that leafless tree.

See, at my window, Dick, how I've spread
All about dainty crumbs of soft white bread,
For your dinner, my birdie; and every day
You'll always find some, if you come this way.

"Pick! pecky! pick!" how I love the sound
Of your sharp little beak on the frosty ground!
Then your sweet "chirrup-twee!" as away you fly,
I'm sure it means "Thank you! good-by, good-by!"

Come, then, my blithe little birdie dear,
And eat the nice dinner I've spread for you here;
Then off to your tree you can flutter away,
And sing us your song through the winter day.

The Children's Prize.

MR. NOAH.

SUSAN used to get up early in the morning before it was light, and she swept out the nursery, opened the windows quite wide to let out the dust, and to let in the beautiful fresh morning air; then she cleaned the grate till it shone again, and whilst she was doing this, who should she find, lying under the shovel, but

MR. NOAH.

Susan felt sorry for Mr. Noah; one of his arms was gone, except a little spike at the top that was worse than no arm at all, as it made him scratchy to hold, and his long red coat was very dirty, especially in front, so that the row of yellow buttons the whole way scarcely showed at all. Susan was quite sure that Mr. Noah was thrown away, that no one cared for him any more, and that if he had really gone into the fire and been frizzled all up to nothing, it would not have mattered in the least.

But the last time Susan went home, one of her little brothers — it was Bobby — was very ill. Bobby was just seven, and he had never been strong, and now he was too ill to get up at all.

Susan used to go home every Sunday afternoon, for her cottage was only two miles off. The day that Susan found Mr. Noah was Saturday; so of course you know the next day would be Sunday, and Susan thought how pleased her poor little brother Bobby would be if she took Mr. Noah to him. Bobby had no toys, and had never even seen a Mr. Noah. But Susan knew that no one ought to take any thing not their very own, without asking; so when nurse came into the room, she asked her if she thought she might have Mr. Noah. Nurse said she might and welcome; and into Susan's pocket Mr. Noah directly went. It was much more comfortable than lying under the shovel.

When Sunday afternoon came, Susan walked home, carrying Mr. Noah carefully done up in paper, for she knew Bobby would be so pleased at having a little parcel to undo. Poor Bobby had not slept at all the night before; his cough kept him awake. He was lying very pale and still when Susan went in, looking too tired to care for any thing; but he was always glad to see Susan, and now that she had brought him a little parcel, his thin white face brightened up, and his fingers were soon undoing the paper: oh, how surprised he was when out tumbled Mr. Noah! Susan had to answer so many questions: Bobby wanted to know all about the ark,

and could hardly believe there were so many animals in it; he wished he might have some of the broken ones, — the pig with three legs and a pin to stand upon, the lamb with no legs at all, and the canary without a tail; but as he could not have them, he would hear about them instead, and Mr. Noah should listen too, for of course he must care for all the animals very much indeed. Bobby had to stop talking soon, for the cough would come; Susan lifted him up and wrapped him in an old warm shawl that Pollie and Jack's mamma had given him. Bobby lay in Susan's arms with his head on her shoulder, till at last the cough stopped, Bobby fell asleep, and Mr. Noah rolled out of his hand to the floor. Susan saw him, and when she had put her little brother back to bed without waking him, Mr. Noah was picked up and placed just where Bobby would be sure to see him when he awoke.

You cannot think how fond Bobby soon was of Mr. Noah; he always had him close by, usually on the counterpane, which was a very old one, made of patch-work by Susan. Bobby used to make a fold of the counterpane stick up, and then lean Mr. Noah against it, so that he looked as if he was standing. As to his having only one arm, that did not matter at all, as Bobby had two and could get every thing that Mr. Noah might want; if he wanted any thing that Bobby could not reach, his punishment was to be "stood on his head" for five minutes, unless he promised to be good, when he was instantly turned the right way up again. On the whole, you could not have found two better friends than Bobby and Mr. Noah.

"Pollie and Jack."

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

THE pupils of Mr. Jones' school had all, save one, entered the school and taken their seats, when George Hardy, the tardy scholar, for once came hurrying in, much out of breath.

"Why, George," said his teacher, "how is this? I saw you, as I supposed, on your way to school when I started from home. I hope you have not been at play when you should have been at lessons."

"No, Sir; I have not played at all this morning. I thought I could run home and be back before school commenced."

"But why did you wish to return home? Did you forget any thing?"

"No, Sir."

"What did you go back for, then?"

"If you will please excuse me, Sir, I had rather not tell."

"I hardly think I can excuse you, George. You are very late, and you know that I have a right to demand a sufficient reason for it."

George stepped up, and, placing his lips close to his teacher's ear, whispered: "I met a boy who was without shoes; and, as I had a pair which I had outgrown, I went home to get them for him."

"Was that the reason?" asked the teacher,

looking upon the blushing boy with love and approbation.

"Yes, Sir."

"Why, then, did you not wish to tell me?"

"Because, Sir, my mother says, when I give any thing in charity, I must do it privately, lest I should receive praise of men, and become vain and proud."

Early Days.

THE COBBLER.

BY C. M. WARD.

WANDERING up and down, one day,
I peeped in a window over the way,
And, putting his needle through and through,
There sat the cobbler making a shoe.
"Rat-a-tap, tap,
Tick-a-tack, too:
This is the way I make a shoe."

Over lasts of wood, his bits of leather
He stretches and fits, then sews together;
He puts his "waxed ends" through and through,
And still, as he stitches, his body goes too.
"Rat-a-tap, tap,
Tick-a-tack, too:
This is the way I make a shoe."

Now with his hammer he giveth a tap
To the shoe, so firmly fixed in his lap;
His head it goes up, and his head it goes down,
But on his face there rests never a frown.
"Rat-a-tap, tap,
Tick-a-tack, too:
This is the way I make a shoe."

With his sharp little awl then he maketh a hole
Right through the upper, and right through the sole;
He puts in the peg, or he puts in two,
And chuckles and laughs as he hammers them through.
"Rat-a-tap, tap,
Tick-a-tack, too:
This is the way I make a shoe."

Now with his hammer, and now with the stitch,
This is the way the cobbler gets rich;
For the world he cares not the whisk of a broom,
But all he wants is his elbow room.
"Rat-a-tap, tap,
Tick-a-tack, too:"
This is the way he maketh a shoe.

Little Corporal.

CONCERNING THE TRUTH.

A PREACHER once endeavored to teach some children that their souls would live after they were dead. They heard his words, but did not understand him.

Snatching his watch from his pocket, he said: "James, what is this I hold in my hand?"

"A watch, sir."

"A little clock," said another.

"Do you see it?"

"Yes, sir."

"How do you know it is a watch?"

"It ticks, sir."

"Very well; can any of you hear it tick?"

All listen. After a little pause:—

"Yes, sir, we hear it."

Then he took off the case, and held that in one hand and the watch in the other.

"Now, children, which is the watch?"

"The little one in your hand, sir."

"Very well, again. Now I will put the case aside, — put it away down there in my hat. Now let us see if you can hear the ticking?"

"Yes, sir, we hear it," cried several voices.

"Well, the watch can tick, and go and keep time, you can see, when the case is off, and put in my hat. So it is with you, children. Your *body* is nothing *but the case.* The soul is the inside. The case may be taken off, and buried in the ground; may be cast into the fire, or thrown in the sea, — but the soul will live on just as well without the body as the watch will keep on ticking when the case is laid aside."

Now, that illustration and that thought will live in the minds of those children who heard it for ever. Selected.

For The Dayspring.

THE LITTLE HERO.

LAST winter I came to Eastbrook. My school here is quite large, a majority of the pupils quick-witted and intelligent, and a few excelling in moral deportment. Among the latter is Harry Prince, a sturdy little fellow who leads his younger brothers to the school-room, and watches over them in the most exemplary manner.

Not far from the house is a high hill forming what the boys call a tip-top place for coasting. For this purpose it has been used winter after winter, and though there have been many hairbreadth escapes, yet no serious accident has happened to life or limb.

But Harry, I found, to my surprise, never indulged in the recreation. He would go to the brow of the hill with the other boys, watch them descend with as much interest as one does a more pretentious race, but without the least inclination to share in their pastime.

"Come now, Harry," said Will Jones, a new comer to the school, "I'll lend you my sled; just try once. 'Tis rare sport."

"No, thank you," replied Harry; "I never coast down this hill."

A few of the boys, I afterwards learned, had plotted to force him to break his rule; and I could soon distinguish the words "coward" and "mother's apron" among the unintelligible jargon of irony and ill-will borne by the breeze through my open window. Then I could see Harry's face flush, but he replied coolly and firmly: "There's no use in your talking and calling names; I've no idea of breaking my word to mother."

Noble boy! I thought, as I rang the bel. That afternoon, I found occasion to define the words hero and coward. I told them it was not necessary to wait till they were men, and then for some rare occasion to show themselves heroes; that every boy might prove himself one by obedience to parents, devotion to duty, and sacred regard for truth.

Then we sang the spirited song, "Dare to do Right," and closed the school.

A. A. B.

MARY'S PRAYER.

DEAR God, bless my two little eyes, and make them twinkle happy. Bless my two ears, and help me hear my mother call me. Bless my two lips, and make them speak kind and true. Bless my two hands, and make them good and not touch what they musn't. Bless my two feet, and make them go where they ought to. Bless my heart, and make it love God, and my mother, and father, and Georgie, and everybody. Please let ugly sin never get hold of me, — never, never! Scattered Seeds.

OH, give me Samuel's heart, —
A lowly heart that waits
Where in thy house thou art,
Or watches at thy gates;
By day and night, a heart that still
Moves at the breathing of thy will.

Oh, give me Samuel's mind, —
A sweet, unmurmuring faith,
Obedient and resigned
To thee in life and death;
That I may read with childlike eyes
Truths that are hidden from the wise.

Martineau's Hymn-Book.

WITH time and patience the leaf of the mulberry-tree becomes satin.

Peace is not always found in solitude.

Avarice is ever in want.

Early Days.

FOR THE LITERARY.

Something to Tax the Memory and Ingenuity, and to Pass Time Pleasantly.

As there is not much excitement of any kind just now, we give the following fifty questions, each to be answered by the name of a well-known author. The guessing of these questions will form a pleasant evening entertainment: —

1. What a rough man said to his son when he wished him to eat properly.
2. Is a lion's house dug in the side of a hill where there is no water.
3. Pilgrims and flatterers have knelt low to kiss him.
4. Makes and mends for first-class customers.
5. Represents the dwellings of civilized men.
6. Is a kind of linen.
7. Is worn on the head.
8. A name that means such fiery things I can't describe their pains and stings.
9. Belonging to a monastery.
10. Not one of the four points of the compass, but inclining toward one of them.
11. Is what an oyster heap is like to be.
12. Is a chain of hills containing a dark treasure.
13. Always useful, as you see; but, between you and me, he never was much of a chicken.
14. An American manufacturing town.
15. Humpbacked, but not deformed.
16. An internal pain.
17. Value of a word.
18. A ten-footer, whose name begins with fifty.
19. A brighter and smarter than the other one.
20. Work in precious metals.
21. A very vital part of the body.
22. A lady's garment.
23. A small talk and heavy weight.
24. A prefix and a disease.
25. Comes from a pig.
26. A disagreeable fellow to have on one's foot.
27. A sick place of worship.
28. A mean dog 'tis.
29. An official dreaded by the students of English universities.
30. His middle name is suggestive of an Indian or a Hottentot.
31. A manufactured metal.
32. A game, and a male of the human species.
33. An answer to "Which is the greater poet, William Shakespeare or Martin F. Tupper?"
34. Meat! What are you doing?
35. Is very fast indeed.
36. A barrier built by an edible.
37. To agitate a weapon.
38. Red as an apple, black as night, a heavenly sight, or a perfect fright.
39. A domestic worker.
40. A slang exclamation.
41. Pack away closely, never scatter, and, doing so, you'll soon get at her.
42. A young domestic animal.
43. One that is more than a sandy shore.
44. A fraction in the currency, and the prevailing fashion.
45. Mamma is in perfect health, my child; and thus he named a poet mild.
46. A girl's name, and a male relation.
47. Take a heavy field-piece, nothing loth, and in doing so you'll find them both.
48. Put an edible grain 'twixt an ant and a bee, and a much-loved poet you'll see.
49. A common domestic animal, and what it can never do.
50. Each human head, in time, 'tis said, will turn to him, though he be dead.

Evening Gazette.

Puzzles.

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

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